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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1902. NUMBER 3

"He is a rich man who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest and most helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."

—*John Ruskin.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THAT OTHER SUBSCRIBER.

UNITY'S QUARTER CENTENNIAL.

FROM A PRESBYTERIAN PASTOR.

MY DEAR UNITY:

The significance of your announcement that UNITY has entered upon the volume which will round out its first quarter century will be, perhaps, more correctly measured by those without than by those within the self-sacrificing circle who bear its burden and renew its message week by week.

If the personal cost in money, time, and thought has not been small, neither has the gain to others in that thereby for tweny-five years there has never ceased the continuous cry of a Voice, kindly, indeed, but discriminating, unafraid, insistent, denouncing evil in high place or low, and revealing and commending the good. In that time what a multitude of spirits have been lifted on the wings of aspiration out of the sordid slough of selfishness and inspired with worthier aims! Unto how many souls, threatened with the leprosy of compromise, has Unity's fine and lofty ethical sense and ideals been a tonic, an elixir of life! What countless, warm-hearted, fraternal messages, healing and cementing, has it called across the boundaries of sect and creed and race! How often has its summons awakened the slumbering friends of righteousness to battle against wrong intrenched in custom and indifference. "Obese, unchallenged old things," permitted to grow gross through public apathy! Who shall enumerate the blessings brought to patient horse and faithful dog and defenseless bird and beast, or count the thoughtless hearts made tender and the ruthless hands made gentle where it has lifted up and articulated the dumb agony of our voiceless fellow creatures!

You remember Theodore Parker's noble prayer:

"Give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth,
A manly faith that makes all darkness light.
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base, and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet."

To have borne to weak and bewildered mortals, while fifty times one hundred dubious, duty-laden mornings wore to evening, the answer to that sublime petition is a great achievement grandly wrought.

May this quarter century prove to be only the adolescent years in which place and power and purpose are secured for the greater life and work beyond! To the end that this may be so, I, for one, am going after that "other subscriber," not to rest till I have found him.

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OLD SUBSCRIBER.

UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1902. NUMBER 3

How many outside of Christianity have the clear vision as to the relation of Christianity to other religions which is testified to in these words of Mr. Mozoomdar, the sage and prophet of the Brahmo Somaj of India. He says:

"When I express my ardent love for Christ and Christianity, Christian leaders are kindly in sympathy with me, but the moment I say that Christ and his religion will have to be interpreted in India through Indian antecedents and the Indian medium of thought and emotion, I am suspected of trying to bend Christianity to heathenism. * * * Can we not have the 'open door' in religion as in commerce? Let there be individual 'spheres of influence' according to the power and spirit of each church. All religions are by no means the same, but the principles of religious federation must be universal and essentially the same."

A Presbyterian church in Indiana has been torn over the popularity of the old pastor, who, though having retired, still remained minister in the hearts of his people and they wanted him at the marriage altar, at the christening font, and by the grave. This disturbed the heart and presumably depleted the purse of the new minister and the young man would not stay. The Presbytery tried to solve the trouble by exiling the old minister. Subsequently it grew ashamed of its rulings and concluded that the old man might remain among his people even though the young man must go find another pasture. Perhaps he had better do as the old minister did thirty years ago—go out into the untilled wilds and make for himself a field and a home.

The Dhammapada, the choicest religious classic of the Buddhist faith, has found another translator and appears in a new version from the Open Court Publishing Company press of Chicago. Albert J. Edmunds, the latest translator, says of this classic:

"No trite ephemeral songs are here, but red-hot lava from the abysses of the human soul in one of the two of its most historic eruptions. These old refrains from a life beyond time and sense as wrought out by generations of earnest thinkers have been fire to many a muse. They burned in the brains of the Chinese pilgrims who climb the cliffs of the Himalayas. Verses were graven on the walls of august temples at the command of Hindoo emperors who abolished capital punishment, mitigated slavery and established hospitals for men and animals under the sway of this marvelous cult. And today, after twenty centuries of Roman and Christian culture, they had won the admiration of Europeans and Americans in every seat of learning from Copenhagen to the Cambridges and from Chicago to St. Petersburg."

"The White Child Slaves" is the grim title to Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler's article in the September Wilshire Magazine, but the facts set forth in the article are far more grim. The growth of the cotton mill industry in the South is the source of congratulation to Southern financiers, but it is the source of regret to the humanitarian who hopes for an amelioration of the suffering of the poor and the trials of the laborer. Northern capitalists have invested millions in these Southern state mills, because there they would be beyond the reach of factory inspection laws and child labor restrictions, and as yet every attempt to introduce such laws into the statute books of South Carolina, Alabama and other Southern states has failed because of the more or less direct menace of Northern capitalists and the cowardly fear of Southern legislators that such enactments would threaten their "infant industries."

A Farmers' Trust or Co-operative National Exchange has been incorporated at Pierre, S. D., with a capital of fifty million dollars. The stock is to be given to farmers only and is to be used in the handling and marketing of grain. Thus by combination the farmers hope more successfully to meet the combination of railroads, banks and speculators. This is carrying the war into Africa, or to change the figure, fighting fire with fire. But fighting is expensive business under any form. The ultimate combination must be a combination, not of those who have identical interests, but those who seem to have antagonistic interests. Then love and disinterestedness will some day make themselves potent through combinations. The power and extent of the combinations of love are yet to surprise the world and disprove the imbecile distrust of the same that now characterizes society.

The problem of Sunday School and Sunday School Lessons is now uppermost in the minds of ministers, parish committees, superintendents and teachers. Let all such beware of the easy lesson and the go-as-you-please course. There is but one golden rule here as elsewhere and that is the rule of hard work. The lesson leaf is too thin. Even the Sunday School handbook is too cold and weak. Let there be a sequence to the lesson; let the topics be such as to need not one but many books to prepare for it. Let it be such as to demand the hard and high study of the minister who will go to his normal class with material so interesting that his workers cannot afford to stay away, and material so ample that the teachers cannot fail of material enough for their classes. Let the subjects be so related to culture, so rooted in history and in life, that the hard work and the books that cost will be all justified. Let maps, stereopticon, notebooks, blackboards, charts and pictures be.

"The International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers" is the rather elaborate title of an organization which had its rise in Boston. Its first general meeting was held in London, May, 1901, and the attendance at the meeting ranged from five hundred to two thousand. Its next meeting is to be held in Amsterdam in September, 1903. Professor Oort, of Leyden University, is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. This is a significant organization, and the meeting will doubtless be one of great power and learning, and still, as the name implies, there is smoke in the flame. The word "liberal" indicates the recognition of a line where the line scarcely exists, or at least where the line that once existed is being fast obliterated. There are workers and thinkers inside as well as outside of orthodoxy who are sufficiently liberal to grace such a

gathering by their presence; and there are other men so narrow outside as well as inside of orthodoxy who would devitalize by their presence such a gathering. Protestant Christianity is still largely on a war basis; it is the rivalry of sects, a competition of denominations, a contention of creeds. When Protestantism becomes primarily a quest for justice, a passion for helpfulness, the joy of hope and the strength of love, then analysis will give way to synthesis and another catholic church will grow, the holy catholic church of humanity which has ever been a becoming reality.

Professor Stephen F. Weston, A. M., of Cleveland, Ohio, has accepted the position of Dean of Antioch College and Professor of Philosophy and Political Science, and will enter upon the duties of his office on the 12th day of September, 1902. Professor Weston is a man of ripe scholarship, large experience in education and of great strength of character. He was graduated from Antioch College in 1879; took a post-graduate course in Michigan University for two years, making a specialty of philosophy and ethics, pursuing at the same time courses in political science. After leaving Michigan University, he taught in a private school in Philadelphia for a few years and then entered the School of Political Science at Columbia University. He was four years connected with the University, during the first year taking advanced courses in political science, during the second year holding a fellowship in the same subject; during the remaining two years was an assistant in the Department of Economics. Professor Weston was called to a position of Professor of Political and Social Science at the Western Reserve College some six years ago, which position he has held until the present time. It is safe to say that in the departments which he has made a specialty—both at Michigan University and at Columbia University—there are few men holding the position of President of a college who are better prepared to teach these subjects. Professor Weston has also had good experience as an executive school officer in Philadelphia, in New York and in the Glenmore Summer School in the Adirondacks. As Dean of the Glenmore School, founded by the late Thomas Davidson, he has had associated with him on the faculty of the school, the Hon. William T. Harris, LL.D., Chief of the United States Bureau of Education; Professor J. Clark Murray, D.D., F. R. S. C., of McGill University, Montreal; Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, Ph.D., of Cornell University; Professor C. W. McFarlane, Ph.D., of the University of Pennsylvania; Professor Earl Barnes, M.S., of Philadelphia; Professor Alfred L. Jones, Ph.D., of Columbia University; Professor William A. Neilson, Ph.D., of Harvard University, and other distinguished scholars. Hon. William T. Harris, of Washington, and Professor E. R. Seligman, of Columbia University, have especially commended Professor Weston as a scholar and school officer. Professor Weston's associations, ever since he left Antioch, have been with the foremost thinkers in this country. He is a nephew of Professor J. B. Weston, D.D., for many years a member of the faculty of Antioch College, and now a much respected member of the Board of Trustees. Professor Stephen Weston has a deep love for Antioch College, is familiar with the history of the institution, and understands well the country from which Antioch draws the larger number of her students. Over fifty candidates were under consideration for the position of Dean of the College, among them graduates of our leading universities, and men of experience in colleges and normal schools. Mrs. Weston is a very capable woman—dignified in bearing, attractive in character and calculated to exert an excellent influence in the college community. Professor Weston will proceed at once to Yellow Springs and Mrs. Weston will attend to the moving from their house in Cleveland to the President's house at Antioch College.

A Nomination.

I nominate for President of the United States Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts; for Vice-President, David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, California. Why?

(1) The Democratic party is without a man or an issue. (2) The Republican party has a man, but no issue. (3) The people have issues which the politicians will not touch; but above all, they need a man who will himself be a platform. The two strongest men who now stand among the American people, from the shoulders upward like Saul among his brethren, are Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Jordan, of California. They are born statesmen, but at the same time have political sagacity to lead the people. They are fearless, but are not destructives. Notwithstanding the years of Senator Hoar, he is in his prime physically and intellectually; so also is Jordan—and it is because they are temperate and manly in their thoughts and their habits. (4) The time has come for a new departure. The politician no longer rules America. In his place has risen organized capital and organized labor. Either our great governmental scheme must lie a dead weight on our hands, or we must put to the front men who comprehend the problems of the hour—men sympathetic with the social evolution in State, in School and in Church. Especially must the school become more prominent in our governmental regime. (5) The people will vote for Hoar and Jordan, without regard to party affiliations. But more particularly will the farmer appreciate the opportunity of dissociating himself from organizations which have sold him out and run agriculture down from the peer of other industries to be their servant.

If we must have a platform, let it be (1) All honest citizens of the United States favor fair trade all around the world, and such laws as do not compel us to pay higher prices for American-made goods than are paid for the same goods in Europe. We do not any longer care for free trade; what we want is fair trade. (2) We have secured rural telephones, and rural free mail delivery, and a rural trolley system. The American producer, remote from cities and savings banks, now needs a system of postal savings banks. These exist as economic and educative forces in Canada, in England, in France, and elsewhere; everywhere working for the welfare of the people. (3) It is clearly to our interest that senators shall be elected by a direct vote

of the people. While this in no way trenches on the principle of State representation, it will render the election less complex, and break the power of party machines. (4) To put an end to centralization and to restore local self-government is the supreme need of America. Local option no longer exists in our cities; little of it elsewhere. We should enact and enforce legislation that will prevent despotic invasion of our rights by those who are representatives only, but assume to be masters. (5) A certain measure of referendum is clearly demanded by the interests of free government. It will checkmate log rolling and bribery and give upright legislators increased power.

Other great questions are pressing for a hearing and for action, but these are fundamental, and they are right. Good policy as well as a desire for progress would recognize these as planks in a reasonable political platform of the American people. We cannot let the nineteenth century run the twentieth.

E. P. Powell.

Jesus, the Jew.

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, in a recent number of the *Reform Advocate,* the organ of liberal Judaism, remarks that the true life of Jesus yet waits to be written; and that it can best be written by a Jew. The statement was made with reference to an essay by a Jewish layman of San Francisco, the first in a volume to which it gives the striking title we have copied above. The suggestion of Dr. Hirsch is noteworthy as indicating that Jesus may at length be coming to his own among the people of his race who, since he became the God of Christendom, have rejected him as completely as the gospels represent their fathers to have done. Nor can they be too hastily blamed for this attitude. They could not, as Jews, worship any but the one God, declared of old; and it must be hard to respect, still more to love, the being called both man and God by whose professed followers their race for centuries has been made a victim of the cruelest persecution. It is scarcely credible that even today Jewish children hear from some of their schoolmates the bitter taunt, "You Jews killed Christ;" and yet Jewish friends assure us that this is so. It cannot be wondered at that the New Testament is almost a sealed book to Judaism. In his latest volume, "The Study of Religion," Prof. Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania, brings out the fact that even the liberal Jewish rabbi receives no training in New Testament study, and points out the advantage to the Jewish preacher and teacher of having some familiarity with the writings upon which the religion of the great majority of those about him is based.

The assertion that the true life of Jesus must be written by one himself a Jew is one to provoke thought. The old painters, whose serene souls were never haunted by the modern specter of historical accuracy, each took for his model of the Christ face some saintly ascetic of his own acquaintance, with the result that we have Italian Christs and Spanish Christs and German Christs, not one of which so much as hint that the real Christ was of Jewish blood. Tissot and Hofmann and Munkacsy, at least, among the moderns, have tried to picture Jesus in habit as he lived. But to draw the lineaments of his soul—to show forth the workings of his mind and heart—this is a more interior and searching task.

The gospel records are so fragmentary and incoherent that to write a life of Jesus would seem to require first of all the supreme gift of imagination. It is the attribute of the great historian that he sees the past as though it were being lived around him, only more vividly and with more penetration than is possible in looking at contemporary events. Can this restoration of Jesus to a living man, breathing his native air, be best accomplished by one into whose training from the cradle have gone the Jewish song and story, the Jewish longing for and trust in the Eternal, that make the Old Testament such a living book for all the ages?

Mozoomdar, the sage of India, has shown us in his "Oriental Christ" what one of Eastern birth and nurture sees in the figure central to the gospels. It may be that a more complete revealing waits the touch of a Jewish hand. If so, it must be the hand of one who is scholar, poet and mystic, as well as Jew; who can free himself from the natural bias of his race, and write with an authority springing from the deepest inward sympathy with the greatest Jew that ever lived.

Certain it is that the fault which has vitiated most of the lives yet written is the authors' weakness in using Jesus as a lay figure upon which to drape the stiff garments of their dogmatic theology, instead of making him live in their pages as he did so long ago in Galilee. The problem is one of infinite difficulty, and will never be wholly solved. Yet the primary need is simple fairness to historical truth. Given entire openness of mind, and the creative imagination of which we have spoken, and a life of Jesus will be written, whether by Christian or by Jew, that will be sublime in its revealing truth and exalted beauty.

R. W. B.

THE PULPIT.

The Sorrowfulness of Christ.

REPRINTED FROM THE UNITARIAN WORLD OF LONDON.

We have been long accustomed to think of Jesus as the "Man of Sorrows," in accordance with the description in Isaiah of the Servant of Jahwe, that pathetic figure doubtless in its original intention the type of faithful Israel, but not less significant of the sufferings of the Savior, and indeed of all good men who bear the woes of others. And yet there are passages in the gospels—especially that in which he contrasts his manner of life with that of the Baptist—which seem to point in a different direction, and to suggest that Jesus was not always as one depressed beneath a load of sorrow and care, but that rather he lived and moved among his fellow-men as a genial and cheering presence, ready to sympathize with them in their pleasures no less than in their griefs. Nor is there any necessary contradiction between these two aspects of Christ's character. It was but in the last week of his life that sorrow came upon him with overwhelming force. All his days he had been acquainted with grief; it could not have been otherwise with one whose vocation of seeking and saving the lost brought him so frequently into contact with it; but, on the other hand, one so full as he was of trust in God and love for man

was not likely to go about the world, figuratively speaking, in sackcloth and ashes, and we can scarcely doubt that, whatever inward sorrows gnawed at his heart, and though he bore the sins and infirmities of so many others, he yet generally maintained the happy temper and composed cheerfulness of a spirit not bound to earth, but wholly set on eternal things.

Yet, there is reason to think that there is at least one direction in which we have not yet fully sounded the depth of Christ's sorrowfulness. Have you ever considered the full significance of that saying given so emphatically by Mark, "A prophet is not without honor but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house"—modified in the other gospels by the omission of the intermediate clause, "among his own kin"? Criticism which seems to be taking so much from us, which at any rate is destroying so many once cherished beliefs and proving them to be really mere superstitions, yet makes amends by constantly throwing fresh light on the matters with which it deals, and bringing into view points which would otherwise escape our notice. So it is here. The home of Jesus, his relations to his family, his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, but especially to his *mother,* will always be a subject of surpassing interest. It is one on which the modern criticism of the gospels promises to throw, indeed has thrown, quite a new light, not by any fresh discoveries it has made among the relics of the past, but by the readjustment and proper relative valuation of the materials already at our command.

According to the evangelical narrative as it has been hitherto understood, Jesus was born at Bethlehem in Judæa, the city of David, and was the son of Mary, a maiden betrothed to Joseph of Nazareth, but without a human father. The great event was heralded by angelic appearances and other wonders. In particular an angel appeared to Mary herself, announcing to her that she would have a son to whom she was to give the name Jesus, and at the same time Joseph also was forewarned in a dream of what was to take place. Soon afterwards Mary goes to visit her cousin Elizabeth, and is greeted by her as the mother of her lord, and with the words,"Blessed art thou among women," whereupon she bursts into that fine psalm or song of praise which, under the name of the Magnificat, from its first word in the Latin version, has passed into the services of the Christian church—a psalm the appropriateness of which to Mary's circumstances is by no means apparent. Summoned to Bethlehem, Joseph's ancestral city, to satisfy the requirements of a Roman census, Mary and her spouse find shelter in a stable, there being no room for them in the inn, and there, among the oxen, she gave birth to her son, whose advent into this world of sorrow was at the time made known by a choir of angels to a company of shepherds who were watching their flocks by night in the neighboring fields. There she was visited by wise men from the East, who, led by a miraculous star, came to pay their homage to the newborn king, and afterwards, in the temple at Jerusalem, where he was presented to the Lord, the child was blessed by an aged man named Simeon, who took him in his arms and prophesied great things concerning him. Then Joseph and Mary returned to Nazareth, and there they remained till the child became a man and went forth to preach the gospel of salvation to the world.

Such is the account so well known to us in the gospels of Matthew and Luke which has been accepted by the Christian church for nearly two thousand years as the true story of the Savior's birth. It has been lately emphatically asserted that the virgin birth is the very foundation of the Christian faith, and assuredly it has hitherto been so understood. That Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary is the confession of the Catholic creeds and of all Christians who accept the Bible as their infallible standard of faith. What, however, has the ripest criticism of our time to say to this story? To Unitarians it is nothing new to be told that the double narrative of the birth of Jesus Christ, with its irreconcilable inconsistencies, formed no part of the original gospel. Since the days of Priestley and Belsham this has been the generally accepted view even with those who had no scruples about the miracles of healing or the great crowning miracle of the Resurrection. Indeed, from our modern point of view we can only wonder that a narrative so obviously and entirely poetical in its character could ever have been mistaken for history, or looked upon as anything but the product of the imagination working in a region of which nothing is known. But so it has been; and we may therefore well regard with satisfaction the circumstance that in a work so authoritative as the new *Encyclopædia Biblica,* the whole story of the Nativity is demonstrated by arguments which seem to be absolutely conclusive to be mythical and imaginary. These arguments need not be stated here. That the story of the supernatural birth is absolutely incompatible with the two genealogies has been long recognized. It seems to have been quite unknown to the apostle Paul, and it is not referred to by the fourth evangelist. But the most important point is that the story of the nativity is inconsistent with the synoptic narrative itself.

We come now, therefore, to the question: Apart from these early chapters of Matthew and Luke, what do we know of the parents of Jesus? Of his father, it may be said in the first place, we know nothing at all, not even his name with certainty. Joseph is not once mentioned in Mark, once only in Luke after the birth story—in Matthew not at all. There is, of course, nothing improbable in the tradition that his name was Joseph and that he was a carpenter. It has been suggested, however, that if Jesus was known as "the son of Joseph" this may have meant only that he belonged to North Palestine, and I have myself hazarded the conjecture, perhaps too fanciful, that "the son of the carpenter," or builder, may possibly have been originally a synonym for "the Son of God," God being the Builder (*tekton*) of the heavens and the earth. In Mark, however, Jesus is not called the carpenter's son, but is himself the carpenter, and there is a tradition preserved by Justin Martyr that he made plows and yokes for oxen. Of course it is well within the bounds of probability that the father of Jesus might have been a carpenter, and his name Joseph, and that the son might have followed the same occupation. And if Joseph is not mentioned in the earliest tradition, it is no doubt either because he was a man of no account, or because, very likely, he died before his son had grown to manhood.

But as to Mary the mother of Jesus—Mary who, according to the gospel story, was the very first to believe when the angel announced to her the future greatness of her son, Mary who treasured in her mother's heart every little incident and every childish saying that went to confirm her hopes, Mary who sat with him at the marriage supper and bade the servants do whatever he commanded, Mary who stood beside his cross and was entrusted by him to the care of his beloved disciple—that there was a Mary of Nazareth whose son Jesus was, is indisputable, but that she was *this* Mary, any more than she was the Mary whom the Catholic Church has enthroned in heaven as the Mother of God, the Virgin bearing in her arms the holy child, whose form and features typical of ideal motherhood delight us on the canvas of the great mediæval artists, is absolutely contradicted by one or two passages in the gospels, the full significance of which has not hitherto been understood, simply because they are so much at variance with the tradition and faith of the Church. One of them has already been quoted, "A

prophet is not without honor," etc. But the most striking passage of all is one which occurs in the third chapter of Mark and is partly repeated in the other synoptics. We read there that when his kinsmen, the members of his family, heard of the doings of Jesus in connection with his first preaching, and how he was drawing the multitude after him, they set out to "lay hold on him"—actually to bring him home by force—"for they said, He is beside himself"—this much is peculiar to Mark and was no doubt purposely omitted by the later evangelists as likely to prove a stumbling block to faith—and then the story goes on to say that his brethren and his mother came to where he was, surrounded by a crowd, asking for him, and that being informed of it Jesus exclaimed, "Who is my mother, or my brethren?" and looking around on those who were sitting at his feet, listening to his words, he said, "Behold my mother and my brethren! for whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and sister and mother."

Mary, who was no doubt a simple peasant woman, and who might have been very well able to grasp the idea of a temporal Messiah sent to deliver his country from the Roman yoke, may have been, and probably was, a tender and loving mother, one who did her duty by her children according to her light, but surely there is one thing clear from this passage—that she did not in the least understand her son. If it is not expressly said of her that she thought him insane, it is implied, for she seems to be included in the general term "relatives" or "kinsmen," and she certainly goes with the rest when they sought to take possession of his person. Indeed, in what stronger terms consistent with filial respect could an utter want of sympathy, amounting, one might say, almost to contempt, be expressed than in the impatient question, "*Who* is my mother?" When we ask, who is a person well known to us, we certainly imply that he is nothing to us.

It is worth noticing, too, that this view of the relations between Jesus and his mother is quite in accordance with the incident at Cana. It is true we have no guarantee of the historical truth of this story, but as nothing is more probable than that Jesus should have been present at a marriage feast, and as his mother might very well have been with him, it is at least possible that the story rests on a certain basis of fact, and in any case it may well present a correct appreciation of the relations between mother and son. In the address of Jesus to his mother, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" commentators have been at much pains to explain that "woman" is no term of disrespect, but is equivalent to "Lady" or "Madam," which is quite true. Yes; but what about the words that follow?—"What have I to do with thee?" Here again it must be asked, how could a complete alienation of feeling be more strongly expressed?

To the sad tragedy of Christ's life, then, as it has been hitherto understood, there must now be added what has never yet been recognized, indeed hardly suspected, so much has the glorification of Mary obscured the truth—the severance, namely, of the strongest and most tender tie that exists on earth—a tie the strength of which has been illustrated in the case of so many celebrated men—that between a mother and her son; to the loneliness of spirit in which his days were passed must be added his separation not from his kinsmen only, from his brothers and sisters, but even from the mother that bore him. Disowned by his family, misunderstood by his disciples, rejected by his nation, alone with the Alone, that great soul fulfilled its destiny, and Jesus went upon his way almost without that human sympathy which is so necessary to most of us in the warfare of life.

And now at length we can understand with what sadness of spirit, with what force of utterance and depth of meaning Jesus must have spoken those words which have so often proved a stumbling block in the way of faith, in which he seems to make light of all the ties of family and kindred as of no value compared with himself and his cause—"He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." He had himself broken every human tie for the Father's sake, and whoever would be a worthy follower of Christ must be ready, in like manner, though brothers and kinsmen should deem him mad and even a mother's love grow cold, in perfect solitude of spirit, alone with the Alone, to work out his salvation and fight the good fight.

REV. B. R. DRUMMOND, B. A.

Wordsworth.

THE PRELUDE.

There is something admirable in the devotion of a life and the subordination of passing interests and advantages to any object pursued through discouragement and difficulty. The impression of personal power and of confidence and stability is fascinating, though it persist toward so narrow an object as the building up of a successful business connection and the establishment of a great profitable trading concern. The manufacturer or trader who at the same time that he is building up his own fortune has in view the well-being and success of all who work with him, and the production of things honest and useful and healthful to those who use them, is perhaps the typical hero of our time, and it may be difficult among a people whose ideal is manufacturing pre-eminence to win adequate respect and honor for a man who believed it was the business of his life to write poetry, and who set about it as if it were a business, devoted his energies to that object and the expression through the medium of verse of ideas on philosophy, ethics, religion, and human life.

Wordsworth felt that he was called to be a poet, and meant to be one, or rather was one, and that he would substitute nothing else for that use of life. He was to be the poet of nature and man in companionship, and when his friend Calvert left him a legacy of £900 he settled in a quiet country place, Racedown, in Dorset, and afterwards near Coleridge at Alfoxden, in Somerset, and began his work and produced a few poems. He had earned very little money by his poetry when, not far short of thirty years of age, he settled at Grasmere, intending "to construct a literary work that might live." In retirement, with the sympathetic companionship of his sister, and, later, of his wife, no other object was allowed to spoil the purpose of his life. The simplest of fare, the devoted and careful management of household resources, a cottage at £8 a year and no extravagances of living, made this possible, and the ridicule and abuse of reviewers and practical people and other poets who lacked his steadfastness, and the blank want of interest on the part of the public who made no demand for his wares, did not cause him to desist. These things probably increased his self-assertiveness and made him appear more stubborn. What is nothing more nor less than devotion to a noble object and confidence that he is called to do a certain thing, created for a purpose, looks like stubbornness and conceit when, under general discouragement and opposition, a man reaffirms his intuitions and goes his own way or the way of his mission, with an emphasis on the *I* as against the world. And yet in the secret places of his own experience that egotism may melt into something not far distant from "Yet not I but the Father which sent me." Wordsworth dwells excessively upon himself, his ideas and egotistical details, in his prose explanations, but, it appears to one at least of his minor critics, not in the "Prelude," which is avowedly a poem about himself.

During the six years ending with the thirty-fifth of his life he was engaged in the composition of this autobiography, this "history of a poet's mind," while he was considering how far nature and education had qualified him for such a work as he afterwards determined to produce, "a philosophical poem containing views of Man, Nature, and Society." Can any man who writes a book do better than give us a candid and sincere account of himself and his experiences, or of such part of him and them as on consideration he deems useful and helpful for others? Indeed, what *original* writing can any author give us but an account of something he himself is, has been, has seen, has learned, or has felt? The question of value lies in the worth of the man and of his experiences. Unworthy egotism is that which belittles other human beings that self may be distinguished, or is lacking in perception of the insignificance of selfish and individual interests compared with Eternal Truth and Right and Beauty. And, who finds this littleness swollen large in Wordsworth, save perhaps in a few minor passages of his accompanying prose? The *I* in the poems is the ego of principle and ideal, and does not detract from the dignity and excellence of men and humanity; is rather an affirmation of self as a type and example of all men in their possibilities, if not always of their present attainments.

"The Prelude" is a poet's account of the circumstances which brought to consciousness his poetic gift, addressed to the friend who was companion of his early aspirations, Samuel Taylor Coleridge; it also shows in large measure what was the special character of his poetic inspiration; and, without any formal arrangement of topics or artistic construction of the poem as a whole, following the easy lines of the passing years, and thus leaving to providence its artistic form, it tells from time to time of feelings and other experiences which were his education and inspiration, whose transmission to others by means of verse constituted his power as a poet.

The poem begins with exultation and relief from

> The heavy weight of many a weary day
> Not mine, and such as were not made for me,

spent in the vast city from which he has now escaped, and at once expresses the expansion and delight of those to whom town life is a restraint and oppression, and who have got away for a holiday in the country or to live a country life. The actual occasion of this outpouring was on leaving behind the city walls of Goslar, in Saxony; but it serves as well as a preamble to the record of his own early life, expressing as it does the freedom that he felt among his native hills, and streams, and lakes—freedom not to be wantonly used, but which brings with it

> the hope
> Of active days urged on by flying hours—
> Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought
> Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high,
> Matins and vespers of harmonious verse.

In such circumstances his life work could be done, and only in such circumstances with freedom, joy and completeness. At the outset he gives expression to the egotism or confidence which made him a poet and enabled him to go calmly and steadfastly forward with his mission when he was one of the very few who believed in his powers amid frequent ridicule and general neglect.

> To the open fields I told
> A prophecy: poetic numbers came
> Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe
> A renovated spirit singled out,
> Such hope was mine, for holy service.

Then he tells how from the first the Wisdom and Spirit of the universe had intertwined for him the passions and experiences that build up the human soul with life and nature, with high objects, with enduring things, "not with the mean and vulgar works of man." His first years spent by the Derwent river with Skiddaw in view, his school days at Hawkeshead ever among the mountains and running or placid waters of stream and lake, boyish sports and excursions and adventures, were ever among scenes grand and beautiful, at an age when he was unconscious of their significance. Yet did memory store them for the enriching of coming years, and associate them with every gain of knowledge and power. And the time approached

> when the winning forms
> Of Nature were collaterally attached
> To every scheme of holiday delight
> And every boyish sport, less grateful else
> And languidly pursued.

Boating on Windermere, searching for ravens' nests, rustic dinners in woods or by river-side when, returning from the holidays, the boys had store of pocket-money, and could supplement the scanty fare which the Dame who fed them could supply; on rare occasions, drawing largely from their funds, horseback rides to places more distant than their common haunts: such were the sports of youth, producing health of body and health of mind; and all the inexhaustible sources of nature, day and night throughout the seasons, poured forth influences

> To feed the spirit of religious love
> In which I walked with Nature.

These gave him the calm amid the storm of life, these preserved in him youthful purity of heart, and removed him from little enmities and low desires, and

> When good men
> On every side fall off, we know not how
> To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
> Of peace and quiet and domestic love,

it is due to these that he despaired not of human nature.

His residence at Cambridge did not develop in him any ordinary type of academic ambition. He appreciated the memories of great men, he found delight in nature, though seen in her less grand and glorious phases, in the beautiful form of an ash tree, the lofty elms, or the moonlight beauty of a winter's night. He could neither follow studiously the prescribed course nor contentedly pursue an original plan of work; but geometry was a fascinating study and appeared to him in its "permanent and universal sway" as

> A type, for finite natures, of the one
> Supreme existence,

and books, then as beforetime, were to him of vast importance recording the inspiration of great men; but were second to nature in their renovating power over the human mind and character.

His return to his native district for a summer vacation brought renewed and more deeply conscious delight, and more perception of the source of the consummate happiness which awaited him there; and then it was that a revelation came to him of his high privilege and obligation as a servant of God who could read his meaning in the open revelation of nature seen, alas! by so few. After an occasion of revelry in country and youthful exuberance of animal spirits, dancing and gaiety kept up through the brief night till the summer dawn began, on his homeward way,

> Magnificent
> The morning rose in memorable pomp
> Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
> The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
> The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
> Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
> And in the meadows and the lower grounds
> Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
> Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
> And labourers going forth to till the fields.

In the midst of such vision of the lawabiding miracles of nature came Wordsworth's serious call.

To the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

The experience recorded must have been quite a dozen years earlier than the composition of the verses, and therefore there is great significance in the phrase "which yet survives." After such revelation of his appointed course, to have succumbed to opposition and misunderstanding and reproach and mockery, would have been to sin against the spirit; to persist was to be stubborn; to justify himself in words of explanation was to be egotistical.

A later vacation was spent in France and among the Alps instead of cramming for examinations. The enthusiasm of the movement for political freedom, and the majesty and beauty of the Alps mingled in his regard. A short period spent in London is recorded in a manner which exemplifies his appreciation of the outdoor life of the city—that which keeps it in touch with the country, and his comparative dullness when enumerating the things which belong exclusively to city life. There are very few passages of any length in the whole of the "Prelude" which are prosaic to those who have the key of emotion and calmness by which to interpret them save in this one part, and, even here, there are most sympathetic and exquisite touches of nature, as when he briefly depicts the workman who has stolen an hour from labor to bring out his sick child into the fresh air and sunshine. Nature, however, has led to the love of man, and man is seen and appreciated adequately only with nature as part of the picture.

After less than a year in London, Wordsworth crossed to France in a time of universal ferment, intending to reside for a while at Orleans: there he was ready to join in the Revolution which he looked upon as necessary for the emancipation of the people, and had confidence that, although a foreigner and but imperfectly acquainted with the language, he could be a leader, believing

That man is only weak through his mistrust,

and conscious of his own disinterested purity of purpose. Lack of money supplies necessitated his return to England.

When Britain put forth her strength in league with the confederate Powers against the new Republic, Wordsworth received the first shock that his moral nature had ever experienced.

All else was progress on the self-same path
On which, with a diversity of pace,
I had been traveling: this a stride at once
Into another region.

A conflict of sensations was in him, and when, in the congregation of worshippers, prayers or thanks were offered for his country's victories, he sat "like an uninvited guest," and

Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

In the following years of violent feelings, disappointment and bitterness of heart, he was saved from despair;

in Nature still
Glorying, I found a counterpoise in her
Which when the spirit of evil reached its height
Maintained for me a secret happiness.

He was "a child of Nature" still. Yet he had been at war with himself, had examined the moral world with microscopic view, finding fault and doubting the existence of nobility of character; and in like manner he subjected the visible universe to superficial examination, comparing scene with scene, dwelling on the novelties of color and proportion,

to the moral power,
The affections and spirit of the place,
Insensible.

Yet were these joys "vivid though not profound," "sought insatiably"; new pleasures and more were eagerly seized, proud of his perception, while laying to rest the inner questionings by outward activity of sense and mind. How different was all this from his earlier joy when he "loved whate'er he saw."

I felt, observed and pondered; did not judge,
Yea, never thought of judging; with the gift
Of all this glory filled and satisfied.

The critical, skeptic mood did not last long: the early inspiration had been too forcible, too persistent, to be annulled even by the distractions of his violent disillusion as to the progress of humanity.

I shook the habit off
Entirely and for ever, and again
In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand
A sensitive being, a *creative* soul.

Feelings that had stood the test of such a trial were trustworthy, and with renewed communion with the permanent whole of Nature came renewed confidence in the advance of general humanity, but not by sanguine schemes and ambitious projects. He was prepared to find

Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
Who thrust themselves upon the passive world
As Rulers of the world;

and vagueness and unsoundness in them even when they were honest; and having brought the theories of statists and economists to their proper test,

Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
Of sex and age and heaven-descended rights,

he discerns

how dire a thing
Is worshipped in that idol proudly called
The "Wealth of Nations."

He asserts the dignity of the individual man, and relies on the steady advance of humanity through the education of all, not a surface education, but the development of character and spiritual perception by such influences as are traced in the "Prelude."

"The History of a Poet's Mind" has not been adequately traced without mention of the companionship of his sister, and, in its later activity, that of his wife. To his sister, he says that his soul "retained too long a countenance severe";

But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,
Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,
And teach the little birds to build their nests
And warble in its chambers.

When Nature, so long foremost in his affections, had fallen back into a second place,

pleased to become
A handmaid to a nobler than herself,
When every day brought with it some new sense
Of exquisite regard for common things,

her breath "was as a kind of gentle spring" that went before his steps. His wife's presence in his home belonged only to the latter part of the time during which he was writing the "Prelude," but she, his sister's early friend, came

an inmate of the heart
And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low.

To the placid happiness preserved by these two women in his home, and, their housewifely frugal carefulness, combined with companionship in his highest and most spiritual flights, Wordsworth, and those who have found him a prophet and interpreter, owe very much.

PRIESTLY PRIME.

From the Inquirer, August 23, 1902.

Readings in Modern Mexican Authors.

VII.

Luis Gonzales Abregon.

Luis Gonzales Abregon, one of the best known of living Mexican writers, was born in Guanajuata, August 25, 1865. After studying under private teachers at his home, he went to Mexico, where he completed his preparatory studies in the *Seminario* and in the *Colegio de San Ildefonso.* Ill health interfered with his further education, but he had already developed a strong affection for literary, and particularly for historical, pursuits, which has motived his whole life work. He is a devoted student of the national history of his country and particularly delights in the investigation of obscure or curious incidents. So far as a feeble physical constitution has allowed, he has given himself up to such researches and to writing. In 1889 he published a useful little volume, entitled *Novelistas Mexicanos en el Siglo XIX* (Mexican Novelists in the Nineteenth Century). In an introductory section he briefly characterizes the Mexican novel; he then presents a complete list of the novelists of the century, to the time of his writing, with the names of their novels and a few discriminating words regarding th place in the national literature. Our author's best known work is certainly *Mexico Viejo* (Old Mexico), of which a "first series" was printed in 1891 and a "second series" in 1895. These have recently been republished, in a single volume, in Paris. The work consists of essays, each dealing with some special event in Mexican history, or sketching the life of some eminent person, or depicting some old custom or popular practice. Usually they contain information derived from unpublished manuscripts or rare and ancient works. Among the many other writings of our author, two biographical sketches demand particular mention, on account of the interest and prominence of the men who form their subjects. These are *Don Jose Joaquin Fernandez de Lizardi* (famous as a writer, early in the last century, under the *nom de plume* of *El Pensador Mexicano,* the Mexican thinker) and *Vida y Abras de Don Jose Fernando Ramirez* (Life and works of Jose Fernandez Ramirez), the eminent literary man, historian and statesman. The selections, which he here presents, are from *Mexico Viejo.* They do not as satisfactorily represent Senor Abregon's style as longer passages would, as he is at his best when he narrates some ancient legend or describes some popular festival.

"For some years past Mexico has been undergoing a slow, but evident, transformation. Everywhere the modern spirit modifies what is old. Customs, types, dress, monuments and buildings are completely losing the long-fixed physiognomy of the colonial days.

"The customs of our ancestors, half Spanish, half indigenous, are disappearing, replaced by a mixture of European practices, and now, in the same house, one prays in the old fashion, clothes one's self after the French style, and eats after the Italian; one mounts his horse or enters his coach *a la* English, and conducts his business *a la* Yankee, in order to lose no time.

"The fountains, those ancient fountains of the colonial epoch, have been replaced by hydrants and troughs at every corner, and the traditional type of the *aguador* (water-carrier) is eclipsed and forced to betake himself to those sections where the deep shadows of the electric lights fall, and where the precious fluid does not flow of itself, except when it pleases heaven to inundate the streets and alleys.

"The *china** has died, to live only in the beautiful romances of the popular Fidel; the *chiera*** yields her gay and picturesque *puesto* of refreshing waters, to the experienced *senorita,* who in high-heeled shoes and tightly-laced bodice serves us iced drink in vessels of fine crystal; the *sereno,** with his shining, varnished hat, his ladder on his shoulder and his lantern in his right hand, withdraws shame-faced before the *gendarme,*** and thus with other types, whom the curious investigator now encounters only in the pictures of forgotten books.

"Who now remembers the habits of the humble friars, who once traveled through the streets amid the respectful salutations of the faithful?

"The coaches slung or straps, the gigs, the omnibuses—all are passing away, all are forgotten in the noisy whirl of England and American carriages and the confusion of the *tranvias,**** which rapidly slip over their steel rails.

"Mexico changes, principally, in its material part. The old houses fall daily, facades change, the ancient wooden roofs give way to iron sheeting.

"The streets are being lengthened, their names are expressed in cabalistic signs, and their historic and traditional associations are relegated to the verses of our poets.

"The city, born amid the rubbish of the heroic Tenochtitlan, the capital city of the viceroyalty of New Spain, which had on every corner a chapel or temple—or, at least, a picture of a saint—pious evidences of the religion of the populace, now rejuvenates itself, aprpopriating those old buildings, consecrated to some special purpose, to some use far different, since the epoch of the Reform.

"What was then a church is now a library; what was a convent, a barrack; what was a customs house, a departmental office; a corridor becomes a gallery; a *patio,* a warehouse; a refectory, a stable.

"Before the special physiognomy of those times completely disappears, before the crowbar demolishes the last facades, before the scaffolding is raised against the bulging wall, before—finally—we hear the song or whistle of the indifferent stonecutter, as he mercilessly chisels the stone which will completely change the aspect of those things upon which our forebears gazed, we propose to conjure up the incidents, the times and customs which have gone that future generations need not vainly excavate among forgotten ruins."

"The war of independence in Mexico had, also, its martyr heroines. The insurgents never executed a woman of the royalists; but that party stained its arms with the blood of the fair sex.

* * * * * * * * *

"There was another heroine of humble origin whom we ought not to omit, because she, also, was a martyr of the independence. She was named Luisa Martinez, wife of Steven Garcia Martinez (nicknamed "the reveler"), who kept a little shop in the pueblo of Erongaricuaro, about the years 1815 and 1816. In that pueblo all were *chaquetas,* that is to say, partisans of the royalists. She, however, was devoted to the other flag. She courageously aided the insurgent warriors; she gave them timely information, victuals, resources, and communicated to them messages from their superior officers, with whom she kept in constant touch. One day her messenger, bearing letters directed to the insurgent leader, Tomas Pacheco, was surprised by Pedro Celestino Negrete. Luisa Martinez fled; but, pursued, captured and tried, she was compelled to pay two thousand pesos and to promise to communicate no farther with the patriots, in order to regain her liberty. But she was not warned by her experience.

*A pretty mestiz girl, of the common people.
**Seller of fruit waters, including one made with *chia.*

*Night watchman.
**Soldier police.
***Street cars.

Thrice again was she pursued, imprisoned and fined, until, at last, she could not pay the sum, four thousand pesos, which Negrete demanded, and was shot by his order in the year 1817, in a corner of the cemetery of the parish church at Erongaricuaro.

"Just before her execution turning to Negrete, she said to him:

"'Why such persistent persecution of me? I have the right to do what I can to help my country, because I am a Mexican. I do not believe that I have committed any crime, but simply have fulfilled my duty.'

"Negrete remained inflexible, and Luisa Martinez *fell, pierced by royalist* bullets."

"If there is one literary glory among us, universally recognized and applauded, it is Sister Juan Inez de la Cruz, most virtuous nun, inspired poet, and pre-eminently admirable for her prodigious learning.

"Sister Juana was a privileged being; her beauty captivated all hearts; her intellect astonished her contemporaries.

"The life of that surprising woman is almost a fairy-tale.

"She was born near the slopes of those giants, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, in a country place called Ian Miguel Nepantla, in a humble inn known by the name of *la celda,* at eleven o'clock in the night of Thursday, Nov. 12, 1651. At three years of age she had coaxed the teacher of her sister to teach her to read; she was not yet seven, when she had written verses and addresses to the Santisimo Sacramento, in order to win a book which had been offered as a prize; she came to Mexico, where she devoured the few books which her grandfather owned; in twenty lessons with her teacher, Martin de Olivas, she learned the Latin language; she begged her mother to dress her as a man, that she might study at the University; later, young and beautiful, as lady-in-waiting of Dona Leonor Maria de Carreto, then the vice-reina of New Spain, Juan de Asbaje charmed the gallants with her witcheries and astounded the learned with her knowledge.

"One time, the Viceroy Antonio Sebastián de Toledo, Marquis of Mancera, desired to convince himself whether the learning of that lady was real or apparent. He collected at his palace all the notable men, reputed learned, in the city. What with theologians, philosophers, mathematicians, historians, poets, humanitarians, 'and not a few of those whom in sport we call *tertulios*'* (says Padre Calleja), forty were present. Juana de Asbaje appeared before that severe tribunal for examination. She astounded all by her responses. The viceroy himself, years later, admiringly recounted the impressions of that day to Padre Calleja, and added 'As a royal galleon would defend itself against a few fishing-smacks which might assail it, so did Juana Ines easily disentangle herself from the questions, arguments and objections which they all, each in his own way, put to her.'

"But she did not long shine in worldly life; mysterious reasons—disappointments or impossible affections, or, more likely, the repeated entreaties of her confessor—decided her to enter a convent. She first chose that of San José, of the order of the bare-foot Carmellites, today Santa Teresa de Antigua; but the rigors of that order so enfeebled her that she abandoned the novitiate at the end of three months, by order of physicians. Soon, however, she entered another nunnery, that of San Geronimo, never again to depart. There she publicly made her vows, on the 24th of February, 1669. Pedro Velasquez de la Cadena, a wealthy man of distinguished family, endowed her and her confessor, Padre Antonio Nuñez de Mirando, bore the expenses of the occasion and was so delighted with her profession that he himself lighted the evening candles and invited the leading representatives of the civil and ecclesiastical governments, the religious notables, and the nobility of Mexico to be present.

"Time passed. Sister Juana, in the silence of her cell, without a sign of pride, with spirit ever thirsting for knowledge, studied incessantly, and with modesty received the praises, which from all parts were bestowed upon her; but, suddenly, a religious fervor, offspring of her faith and the counsels of her spiritual director (who urged her to abandon all dealings with the world) drove her to dispose of her books; she divided the sum realized among the needy; she left her lyre to gather dust, flung her pen far from her, and, grasping her *disciplina,* scourged herself; she weakened herself by fasts, opened her veins, signed new vows with her own blood, until, finally, a pestilence, which had invaded the convent, stretched her upon her couch, after she had exercised her Christian charity in ministering to her sisters. She never rose again. Science, in vain, eagerly attempted to help her. Vain were also the clamors for her health which the convent bells clanged forth. Tranquil as a saint, she received her last communion on earth and calmly closed her eyes to open them in heaven.

"Sister Juana died aged forty-three years, five months, five days, and five hours, at four in the morning of April 17, 1695.

"The funeral was imposing. The Canon Fransisco Aguilar conducted the ceremony. The most notable men, the most distinguished ladies, and the government officials were in attendance. 'The populace,' says one biographer, 'crowded about the doors of the church of San Geronimo. All mourned that loss for letters. Poets sung her praises and Carlos de Sigüenza y Gongora pronounced the eulogy.'"

"Thus was installed, Nov. 4, 1571, the tribunal of the Inquisition in the very loyal and very noble city of Mexico.

"From that day terror began among its good inhabitants! Woe to heretics, blasphemers and Jews! Woe to sharpers, witches and sorcerers!

"Fear swept over all, and that frightful secrecy with which the tribunal surrounded itself contributed greatly to increase the terror; that mystery with which it proceeded; that impressive pomp which it displayed in its public sentences—which in time were the favorite diversion of the mob and even of the middle and comfortable class.

"No one lived at ease; unknown and secret denunciation threatened everyone; unfortunate was he who gave ground for the least suspicion and unhappy was he who merely failed to wear a rosary.

"It is necessary to transport one's self to those times, to read what history records of that dread tribunal, in order to picture, adequately, to one's self the terror which must have overwhelmed those who appeared before the Holy Office in the old Cathedral of Mexico.

"With time respect diminished, and that which before caused terror now aroused derision.

"Some of the sentences were ridiculous—mere travesties. For instance, that celebrated in San Domingo on Dec. 7, 1664, and in which conjugal infelicities between the viceroy, Mancera, and his lady secretly had their influence. Guido says: 'There were ten condemned and among them one who, according to his sentence, was taken to the patio of the convent and stripped; two Indians smeared him with honey and covered him with feathers; there he was left exposed four hours.'

"Such spectacles must have caused at first indignation, then contempt.

"No less insulting than such punishments were the penitential garments of those condemned by the Holy Office, called *san-benitos.* These were a kind of scap-

*Regular frequenters of *tertulias*—i. e., social, literary gatherings.

ulary of linen or other cloth, yellow or flesh-red in color. There were three kinds, known respectively by the names *samarra, fuego revolto* and *san-benito*—the latter being also a name common to all.

"The *samarra* was worn by the *relajados,* or those handed over to the secular arm to be garroted or burned alive. It bore, painted upon it, dragons, devils and flames, amid which the criminal was represented as burning.

"The garment known as *fuego revolto* was that of those who had abjured, and for this reason the flames were painted upside down, as if to signify that the wearers had escaped from death in the fiery embrace.

"Finally, the *san-benito,* which ordinary prisoners wore, was a flesh-colored sack bearing a Saint Andrew's cross.

"The kind of mitre which the condemned wore upon the head was called *coroza,* and was a cap of paper, more than a *vara* high, ending in a point like a fool's-cap, with flames, snakes or demons painted on it, according to the category of the criminal.

"The condemned carried also rosaries, and yellow or green candles; those of the 'reconciled' were lighted, those of the impenitent extinguished; when they were 'blasphemers' they were gagged.

"In time these insulting insignia were looked upon with indifference as any other dress, and gave occasion, in Mexico, to a curious story. It chanced that once a 'reconciled' was walking through the streets wearing his *san-benito*; some Indians seeing him noticed that the dress was new and one thought it was the Spanish devotional dress for Lent; returning to his house he made some excellent *san-benitos,* well painted; he brought them to the city and offered them for sale to Spaniards, saying, in the Indian language, *Sic cohuas nequi a san-benito?* which means, Do you wish to buy a *san-benito?* The thing so amused everyone that the story even went to Spain, and in Mexico there is still a saying, *'ti que quis benito.'*

"The common people ended by losing all fear of such scarecrows, and defied the Inquisition in this way:

Un Santo Cristo
dos Candeleros
Ytres majaderos.*

"A merited jest for that which knew not how to respect worthy and valiant heroes, such as Hidalgo and Morelos."

FREDERICK STARR.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Social Salvation.†

The chapters of this volume were delivered as lectures before the Divinity School of Yale University, upon the Lyman Beecher Foundation. The distinguished religious leader discusses care of the poor, the state's duty to the unemployed, prison reforms ("our brothers in bonds"), social bias, public education, the redemption of the city. A brief bibliography is furnished.

Dr. Gladden tells us in the preface that he is constantly receiving letters from ministers of the gospel asking for suggestions and helps in the study of the questions here discussed, and this he rightly takes as a sign of the awakened interest in social morality and religion.

It is useless to say that in a book of this compass none of these large subjects can receive adequate technical treatment, as the author himself frankly states in the beginning. All that a man of large experience and profound insight can do in such sketchy outlines of complicated problems is to give his personal views and some fragmentary suggestions of the path by which he reached his conclusions. At an early stage in the social studies of earnest religious and philanthropic women and men a writer of wide acquaintance with men and affairs can render a distinct and valuable service in pointing out the general direction in which one should direct his life studies and collect information. If, after this start, such persons could place themselves in contact with professional teachers and large collections of books and documents, and give attention to administrative methods under expert guidance, the value of the inspirational beginning would be enhanced.

In respect to the author's conclusions, it may be said that they are sane, well balanced and in line with reliable authorities.

But there is another factor of value in this book of Dr. Gladden, the encouragement which he gives to professional students in special lines. This one feels especially in the first chapter on "Religion and the Social Question." The point of view is very much the same as that in Miss Addams' "Democracy and Social Ethics," that of social obligation, social morality, the duty of communities to their members; in a certain degree a revival of the Hebrew idea of a sacred and consecrated nation or people.

We thank this earnest and far-seeing prophet for these sentences: "With the work of the leading modern economists and sociologists every minister ought to be acquainted. Not that he is to preach economics or sociology, but he needs to be familiar with the construction ideas on which these sciences are based, and with the facts by which they are supported.

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON.

The University of Chicago.

Another Life of Napoleon.

The Life of Napoleon I. Including new material from the British official records. By John Holland Rose, M. A., late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge. Cloth, two volumes, 8vo.; pp. xvii., 471, 547.

Of writing many books about Napoleon there seems to be no end. The last years have been remarkably prolific, probably for the reason that the centennial anniversaries of his great deeds have brought men back to them. We have had several new lives within a year. Some of these can safely be neglected, Watson's for example; others cannot, by those whom Napoleon fascinates and who wish to read the best concerning him. I must confess that I am one of these. The fascination began when I was a very little boy and my mother used to croon to me a pathetic ballad about his dying "on the Isle of St. Helene." Then, too, in a pack of cards, there was one representing him standing alone upon an ocean promontory, and I followed this so much that I can see the figure now with my mind's eye as plainly as if I had the card before me. Later, I read John S. C. Abbott's Life of Napoleon, and believed every word of that absurd romance. Still later I resented Channing's eloquent depreciation, but Emerson's Essay in "Representative Men" gave my admiration pause. Yet the fascination did not cease when the better understanding set in and I have read every one of these 1035 pages with unslackened interest. My moral reprobation has not diminished my dramatic sympathy and I have found myself fighting on Napoleon's side in every battle, happy and proud at Austerlitz and Friedland; correspondingly depressed at Leipsic and Waterloo. Of later pieces of Napoleonic literature, written in English, the only one that disputes the pre-eminence of this is Lord Rosebery's "Last Days of Napoleon," and that does not compare with this as a continuous presentation of Napoleon's marvelous career.

*One holy Christ, two candlesticks, and three gawks.

†Social Salvation. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1902; p. 240. $1.00.

It is quite possible for an Englishman to write of Napoleon with enthusiastic admiration. Hazlitt furnished four volume proof of this some seventy years ago; Lord Rosebery yesterday. Mr. Rose has done better. He has shown it to be possible for an Englishman to be just to Napoleon and no more; to treat his character and conduct with nice discrimination. Hardly will the French Napoleonist concede so much to him. There are points he will dispute; notably, those bearing on the peace of Amiens and in general on the degree of Napoleon's responsibility for the wars in which he was engaged from the time that he became First Consul. But certainly Mr. Rose means to hold an even balance, and it seems to me that he succeeds in doing so. His view of Napoleon's diplomacy is not more damaging than Laufrey's terrible indictment, from which it differs here and there. It is mainly as touching Napoleon's diplomacy that Mr. Rose makes good use of his materials from his British Foreign Office. His deductions are not flattering to that Office, but in general he finds a blundering honesty opposed to Napoleon's ingenious chicane. For one thing he deserves much credit. He has made no disproportionate use of his new material. And, indeed, in all respects his book is framed with a nice sense of proportion. There is no excessive emphasis on Napoleon's battles. These are well described, with little rhetorical effusion, and with a daring finger here and there upon the ailing spots in the great captain's strategy and tactical management. Napoleon's military genius is made sufficiently apparent, but Mr. Rose is more impressed by his statemanship than by his fighting qualities and carries us along with him on the tide of his persuasion. What most impresses us is the man's various power, his simultaneous grasp on many great affairs of war and administration, the omniscience of his apprehension of details and the omnipotence of his control of them. Our conception of the capacity of human nature is enlarged by such a spectacle. Grant that Napoleon was "magnificent in sin," he was certainly magnificent in the range and the colossal nature of his powers. To talk about "a mere man" is more absurd than ever when we know of such a man as this.

But Mr. Rose is not by any means disposed to think of Napoleon as wholly bad. He finds much in his personal qualities to admire, in his relations to different members of his family, to the generals of his army, to his soldiers, and his friends. In his character we are asked to note the growth of personal ambition. France was sacrificed that the Empire might exist and thrive, and the Empire was Napoleon. But it must be conceded that the Empire meant for him the substitution of good government for bad. Even his most absorbing passion—hatred of England—was insured by her obstruction of the plans which he believed to be beneficent.

Napoleon's relation to the Revolution has always afforded matter for dispute and is likely to do so for a long time yet. This democratic apologist assures us that he was the Conservator of the Revolution. Certainly it was as so conceived that he was able after Moscow and Leipsic to rally new armies about him. The peasant proprietors found in him their man and in this respect they made no mistake. He kept faith with them throughout. But in most respects Napoleon's conservation of the Revolution was a cloaking of despotic government with republican forms. At no point is Mr. Rose more interesting than in his analysis of the efficient causes of Napoleon's decline and fall. They were the resurgence of the national sentiment and the preference of liberty and independence to material advantages. No country in Europe was worse governed than Spain; no country was likelier to profit by Napoleon overlordship. Yet it was in Spain that the national uprising began which soon spread to Austria, Prussia, and the minor German states. Napoleon's policy was distinctly a policy of "benevolent assimilation," and an American ruler who was sometimes flattered as "the little Napoleon" might have borrowed from Napoleon the Great the method of national destruction and absorption to which he gave this pretty and engaging name. But what broke Napoleon's own strength was the resurgence of that principle of nationality, of local independence, which in our own time has everywhere in Europe and America been superseded by the principle of imperial aggregation, the right of the stronger to subject the weaker to their sway, and make them over into their likeness. The Napoleonic idea is in the saddle and it rides mankind. "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" said the dying Julian. In such wise the murdered, dying little people of the earth may now salute Napoleon, the incarnation of "benevolent assimilation" of the imperialistic idea.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

The King Who Served.

We hear stories of kings of many years ago, who, in hiding during times of war, entered houses, and, not being recognized, did menial service. One king let the cakes burn that he was set to watch, and received a severe scolding from the housewife for his carelessness. We do not think of a king of today being ordered to do work in payment for food. Yet it is said that recently this actually happened to the King of Italy. He was hunting in the mountains, when in some way he was separated from his party. After wandering a while he discovered that he did not know where he was. He walked on until he came to a little house, where he found the owner, an old woman. He asked her the names of the peaks of mountains in sight, and for a drink of goat's milk. When he had drunk the milk he asked the kind old woman what he could do for her.

"You have a gun," she said; "perhaps you could kill the polecat who kills my chickens, and who even killed my cat."

"Anything else?" asked the king. "You seem to be alone here."

"Yes," said the old woman, sadly. "The king has taken the only one I had left—a grandson. Some say the king is forced to do it. It's hard on lone folks like me."

"What's his regiment?" asked the king.

"That I do not know. But here's a letter from him. Perhaps you can read it—that gives the regiment, maybe. I thought the schoolmaster would read it for me Sunday."

The king read the letter to her, so she did not have to wait for Sunday and church, where she would see the schoolmaster.

The king took his gun and hunted until he killed the polecat that had killed his hostess' chickens and cat. She insisted on giving the king a few pence.

The next year the king was hunting again in the same neighborhood. He decided to visit his hostess of the previous year, and find out whether the grandson sent home from the army was all that a brave soldier ought to be to a grandmother.

Both were working in the garden. The returned soldier saluted, saying: "It is the king, granny: it is the king!" His grandmother laughed, saying, "It is the man I gave money to for killing the polecat; I told you about him!" But the boy knew the king, and, to stop the grandmother's scolding, told her he was the king.

At first she was startled, but the king put her at ease, she brought out milk, they drank together, and then the king went his way down the mountain.—*The Outlook.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—No member of the human race, however degraded, can escape God's loving plans.

MON.—Science has risen wholly above the plane of materialism, and must henceforth be classed among the spiritual forces and factors of evolutionary history.

TUES.—Every resolute person has found that when some great trouble seems to stand in the way, if he goes forward courageously, it either proves not to be there, or it is far less serious than he anticipated.

WED.—Committing ourselves to others increases our sense of responsibility, and we are, therefore, more likely to be faithful to the purpose we have expressed, whatever that may be.

THURS.—No emancipation can be complete which does not include the neighbor.

FRI.—Science reveals the secret of happiness. It is adaptation to environment.

SAT.—Every one must have his own way of praying.

Theodore F. Seward.

The Sun & Son Company, Limited.

THE SILENT PARTNER.

From a sweet, refreshing sleep
In his star-strewn bed so deep,
Comes he with a beaming face,
Flooding all the world with grace.
Oh, it is a pleasant day
When the Sun comes up that way!

THE ACTIVE PARTNER.

Coming barefoot down the stairs,
Dimples in his face he wears;
See his roguish, laughing eyes;
Not a cloud on face or skies!
Oh, we have a happy day
When the Son comes down that way.

But when Sun & Son combine,
Say they will not laugh or shine—
Oh, it is a dismal day
When the Comp'ny act that way.

—*Exchange.*

What Kept the New Chimney Waiting.

A new chimney was going to be built on Grandpa's house, and the boys were in a state of high glee. They were always delighted when there was something going on, and this would be "something like," Wayne said.

"Mike's coming to mix the mortar, you know, and carry it up the ladder to the mason. He'll tell us stories noonings—Mike's such fun!"

"Yes," echoed Casper, "I guess he is! You spell Mike's kind o' fun with a big F and a big U and a big N! I say, Wayne, let's go get his hod and play we're hodcarriers, with mud for mortar, you know—come on!"

"Come on!" shouted Wayne; "it's leaning up against the barn. Mike left it there last Friday when he brought his things over."

On the way to the barn they saw Grandpa harnessing Old Molly to the big blue cart. That meant a beautiful, jolty ride down to the orchard, and the boys forgot all about playing hodcarrier. They climbed in and jolted away.

"Mike's coming tomorrow, you know, Grandpa, and the mason," said Casper, his voice quiver-quavering over the jolts. "Oh, goody!" cried Wayne. But dear old Grandpa shook his white head.

"Not tomorrow, boys; you'll have to wait a bit longer. I sent word to Mr. Keet and Mike last night that they needn't come for a few weeks longer; I'd decided to put the chimney off."

"Oh, Grandpa!"

Both clear little voices were shrill with disappointment. Both little brown faces fell. Grandpa did not speak again at once—he was guiding Old Molly carefully out at the side of the cart-road. The boys saw a little crippled butterfly fluttering along in the wheel track—that was why Grandpa turned out. Grandpa's big heart had room enough in it for every little live thing. Back in the track again, further on, Grandpa spoke.

"I'll show you why we must wait for the new chimney, when we get home, boys," he said, cheerily. "You'll agree with me, I know. It's a case of necessity."

"But I don't see what made you decide to, Grandpa," Wayne said, soberly. Grandpa's eyes twinkled under their shaggy brows.

"A little bird told me to," he said, and that was all they found out until they got home. Then the same little bird told them. Grandpa took them up into the attic, with a great air of mystery. The old chimney had been partly taken away—half-way down to the attic floor. Grandpa tiptoed up to it and lifted them, one at a time, to peer into it.

"Sh!" he whispered softly; "look sharp."

And there, on a little nest of mud, lined with thistledown and straws, that rested lightly on the projecting bricks, sat the little bird! She blinked her bright eyes at the kind faces peering down, as if to say—

"Oh, dear, no; I'm not afraid of *you!* Isn't this a beautiful nest? so exclusive and safe! There are four little speckly, freckly eggs under me. When I've hatched them and brought up my babies in the way well-educated little chimney-swallows should go, then you can build your chimney, you know."

So that was why Grandpa's new chimney had to wait.—*The Outlook.*

Animals In Ships.

Wild animals caught in foreign countries are brought here on ocean steamers. There are dealers in some of the foreign cities who send hunters to all parts of the world to capture animals for circuses, zoological gardens and private parks.

A ship that recently arrived in New York had in her hold cages of wild animals and birds. The confinement and the motion of the vessel frightened some of them very much. When the vessel was tied up to the dock, and the motion ceased, some of the animals were as greatly disturbed. Screeches, howls, roars, were heard from every part of the vessel except the cages of the hyena and the polar bear. These two acted as if sailing in ships about the world was a positive pleasure.

THREE VISITS TO R. W. EMERSON,

the seer of Concord, compiled for use at Memorial Services and Devotional Exercises, by Axel Lundeberg. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents. Address Rev. A. Lundeberg, 124 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. This pamphlet is No. 1 of a Devotional Series intended to fill a "vacuum" in Unitarian Literature, which will be more deeply felt as the antiquated forms of religious worship are outgrown and Liberal Societies stretch out for something new. It is the only one of its kind and will prove useful and serviceable to all whose souls are thirsting for spiritual companionship of a high order. No Liberal can afford to be without it.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Leaves at Play.

Scamper, little leaves, about
In the autumn sun;
I can hear the old wind shout,
Laughing as you run,
And I haven't any doubt
That he likes the fun.

When you've run a month or so,
Very tired you'll get;
But the same old wind, I know,
Will be laughing yet,
When he tucks you in the snow-
Downy coverlet.

So run on and have your play,
Romp with all your might;
Dance across the autumn day,
While the sun is bright,
Soon you'll hear the old wind say,
"Little leaves, good-night!"

—*Exchange.*

VACATION SERVICES AT ALL SOULS' CHURCH, CHICAGO, ILL.

The "Vacation" services held for a number of years past each Sunday during the summer season at All Souls' Church, Chicago, the pulpit being filled by lay members of the congregation and other "unfrocked priests" of ethics and morals, have long since ceased to be an experiment, but the past summer has proved beyond all doubt the desirability and need of this open summer church. The audiences have been very good in number—a minimum of fifty and a maximum of one hundred and fifty. The speakers have been for the greater part practical workers in or exponents of the particular line of which their subjects treated, in many cases illustrating by maps, drawings, etc., the paper read. Particularly interesting were the talks by Mr. John L. Whitman, Jailer of Cook County Jail, and that by Mrs. Mary Holmes, Correspondent for the Travelers' Aid Association—not because the subjects were more ably treated than those of the other speakers, but because the subjects themselves were newer and fresher to the minds and ears of the hearers. Cook County certainly has reason to be proud of the man in charge of the "crime sick" (I quote Mr. Whitman) people confined for longer or shorter periods in its jail,—the man who aspires to be, not the "jailer" of the inmates, but their "friend," and who believes it is his duty,—the thing he is "there for,"—to send forth each and every inmate a better citizen than when he or she entered the prison portals.

Mrs. Holmes' talk was on a subject about which too little is known, and which is far too seldom discussed, i. e., the traffic in young girls for immoral purposes that is almost openly carried on, particularly in large cities. Her description and practical illustration of the efforts of this noble and but little exploited society to stand (through its agents stationed in many of the larger railroad stations throughout the country) between the dazed and stranger girl "coming to town" and the agents of this infamous traffic, who would by alluring words and brilliant promises cajole her into a life of degradation, was vivid, convincing and heart-stirring.

But "comparisons" are decidedly "odious" in commenting on the summer's program. The audiences, consisting of many of the stay-at-home members of All Souls' and a large sprinkling of transient strangers, were enthusiastic at the close of each and every service. Why is it that so few of our city churches adopt the plan of these Vacation services? Are there any that do besides All Souls? If not, ought not its success tempt some of them to at least try the plan? A. A. O.

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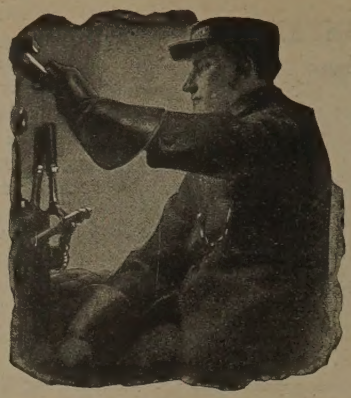

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